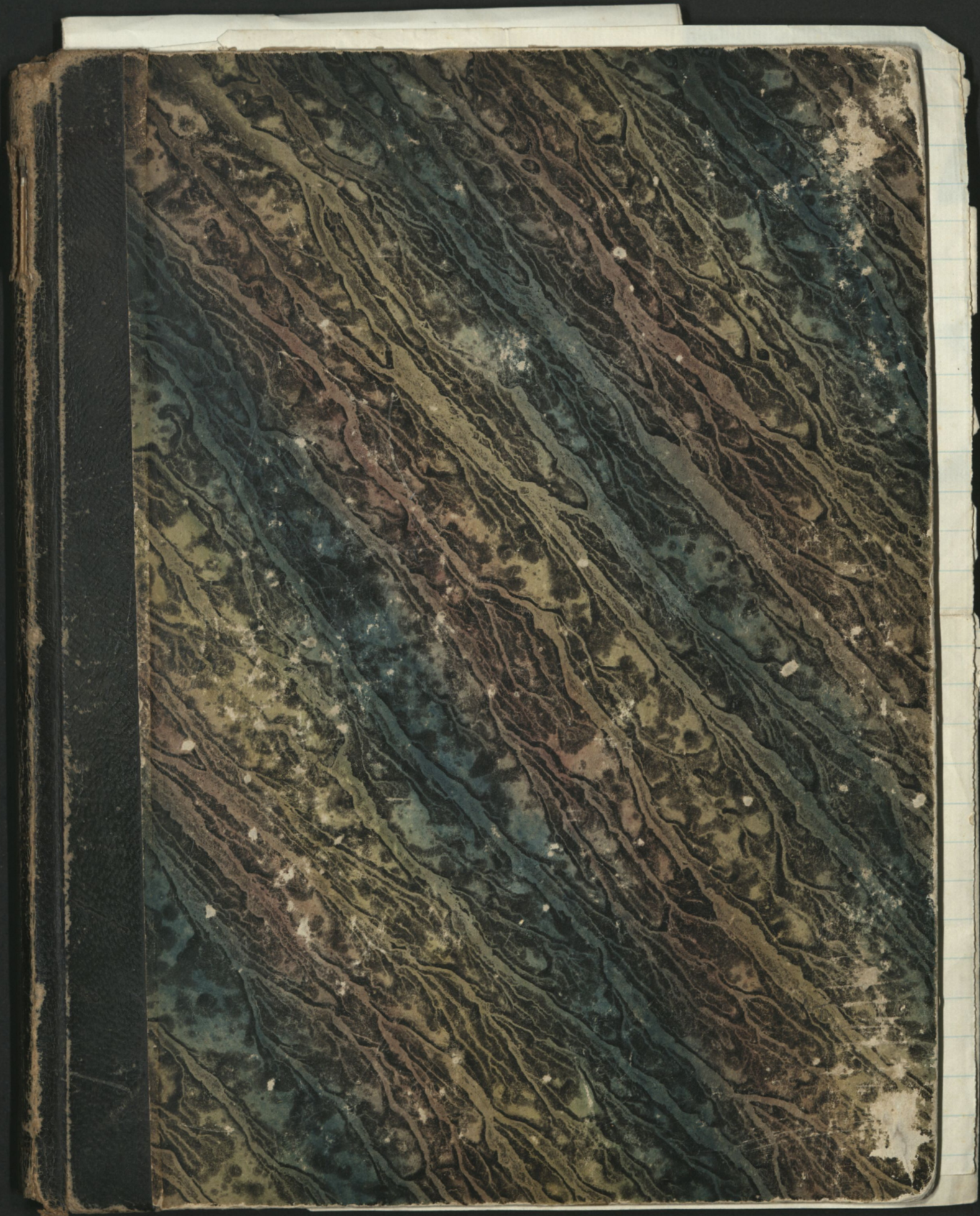
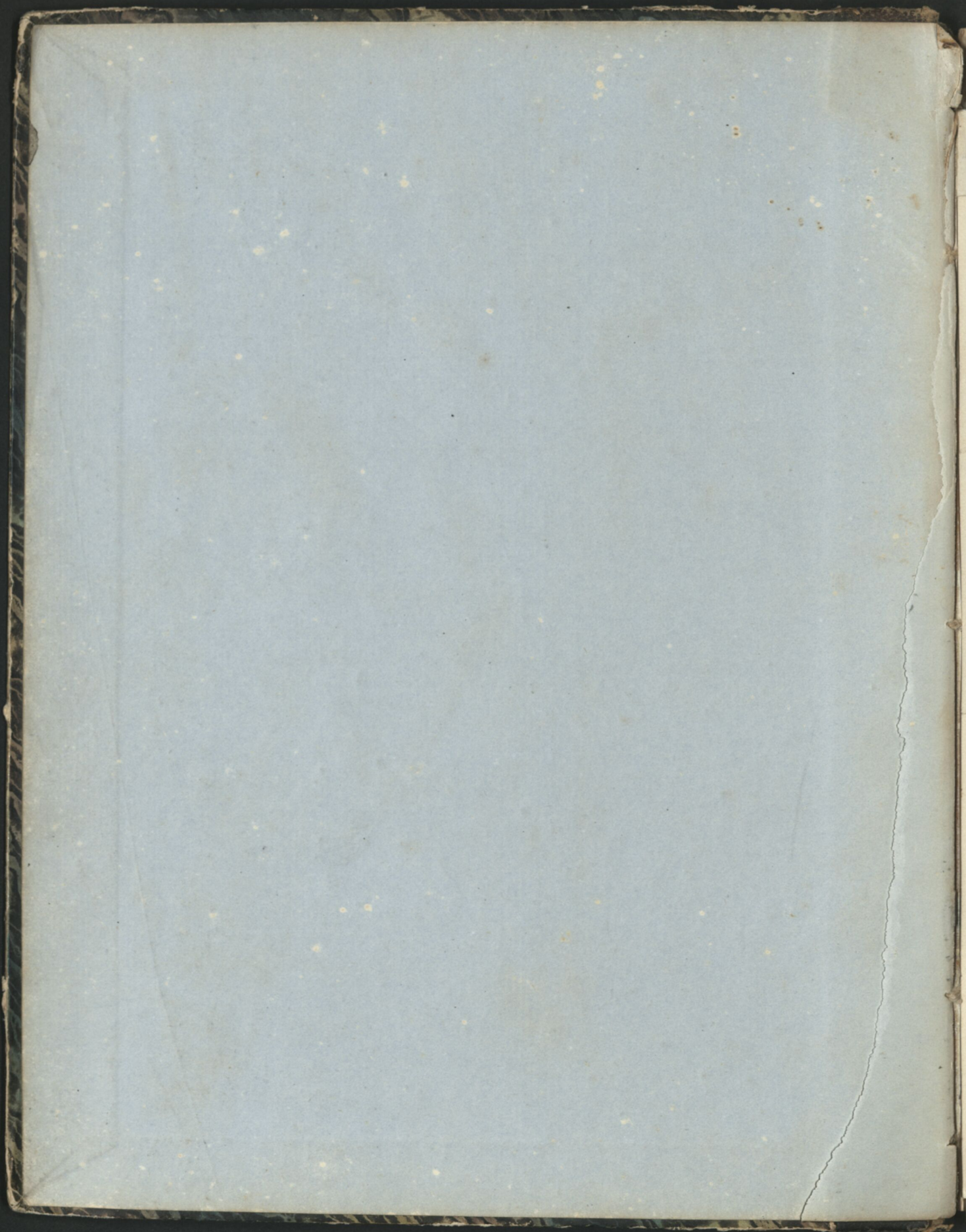






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His founts, in passions tamed, subdued,
Felt in a heart made pure within,
Of doing good.

But now for aye, my dying end
I leave you and the rest to look,
For Ellen's got a Boy in hand,
It holds a crimson velvet Book

The bundle pass to Sister dear,
For Brother and herself.

May happier would have been that year,
Had we a Mine of Earthly Self.

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But now for aye, my darling miss
I leave you over the rest to look.
^{as} For Ellen's got a Boy in hand.
It holds a crimson velvet Book

^{my} The bundle pass to Sister dear,
^{my} For Brother and herself.
Nay happier would have been the year
If bad we a Mini of earthly self.

O! mother dear I am so glad,
You hung your nee long stocking,
^{as} for Santa's here and 'tis too bad,
To keep him so long knocking.

O! hasten now I hear his groan,
I know he's tired of tramping,
^{as} from house to house from home to home,
All night, he has been walking.

Well mother take this scaly fish,
We found it in a store for sale,
^{as} 'twill be to you a useful dish.
^{my pray} Don't call it Jonah's Whale.

O here are bands sweet and good,
Without that box you'll find,
We wish we had a Barrow full
Of all the varied kinds.

A Lady's toilet is not complete,
Till added is the "Perfume Bottle"
The Buttoned Boot brings you the best,
For Mellie. Are you startled!

All sorts of jars that liquid bears
All o'er this vast rich country,
'Twill careful hold a baguet of flowers
When of that fluid empty.

As oft in Meditations Bowed
While gliding swiftly, pass the hours,
As thought comes with Locomotive Power,
Affection bends in one, our hearts,

Being Winter's loos'd this icy grasp,
And left your harbor free, at last,
That we, within the Mail may cast
A line to distant friends.

Whose home, is far, on Duck Island,
Where, 'neath, Heaven's, free Boreal Skies
The aged, youth, & Child may dwell
In unmolested, safe, Retreat

One ^{the} last conquered by our Lord,
Soft whispers. That familiar Word
"Come," I'm the Angel sent by God
To gently take thee home,

My
He takes and lov'd ones, by the hand,
and
He looses fond Affection's Bands.
My
The Spirit bears to Canaan's Land
Celestial says, to share.

I glance again at my Native Isle
And looking thus, my heart doth sigh
Thou vacant seats, do meet my eye,
Of dear ones who have gone to Rest

God saw then weary hands & feet,
Beside them from the Mercy Seat,
The pale cold hearts to cease to beat,
Then took them to fair Paradise

Yet for hire they leave us, one by one,
Still thou I find, art journeying on
Thy ^{ang} Sight & Wisdom's Virgins, beam,
In waiting for the Bride's coming

O! that we may with Christ sit down
Near that Eternal, Glorious Throne,
Prescribing Grace to Christ alone
Who ransomed from our sins

^{my} 'Tis Twilight ^{my} Hour of Sabbath Eve,
^{my} The hallowed Day of "Sacred Rest,"
^{my} The busy toils of Life, we leave,
^{my} Thus, asking God, to kindly bless.

Days, weeks & months away have fled,
A few hours more, are gliding past,
This year 'll be numbered with the dead,
^{my} Thus, speed the wings of Time, so fast.

We gaze at Pilgrim's Sacred ^{my} Truth,
But, what the Record of those hours?
Sweet Roses, in our neighbor's path,
^{my} Have strewn us, or, the thorns & briars.

Our Light a Beacon, shining clear,
^{my} To guide our Sailor, Brother, home,
Fast dimly shone, to lead him o'er,
Life's sea of danger, e'er to warn?

Or, would we neath the Rocks enbide,
Our blushing faces, wreathed in tears,
Plead a forgiving God to bide,
The many sins of passing year?
" " " " " "

Ah! Year, when peals the hour of twelve,
As darkness veils the dawn of day,
So sure will toll thy funeral knell,
Thou'lt go, no longer with us stay.

Father! accept the Praise we bring,
For all the Blessings of thy Grace,
And help as thus of ^{thy} ~~thee~~, we sing,
Of thy rich joys to freely take.

No merit of our own we plead,
'mong all the gifts of God to men,
We claim the 'risen Saviour, Lord,
The Blessed Star of Bethlehem.

And when with us Time be no more,
The Father calls His children Home,
On that fair Canaan's happy shore,

even here,
We'll sing of Glory 'round the Throne.

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Ah! little Bertha, Lena's pride
I wish you now were by my side
Some little word to me repeat,
A kiss I'd leave upon your cheek?

Say that you love me, little Pet.
Your pretty words I ne'er forget
Good Bye, sweet Bertha for this time,
I send you this sweet Valentine,
me & Lena.

Often left in doubt and darkness
Which the right way cannot see
God will never leave us helpless
Grounded in him we must be
All those deep and fiery trials
Safely you will come out clear
Like as emptying the vials
Never need you now to fear
Truth will stand and Love will linger
Wisdom never will depart
Kept by Gods sustaining finger
Trust in God with all your heart

Blessings descending sustaining
For why should we be complaining
For what should we fear
If our hearts are sincere
Nothing to dread so lift up your ^{head}
The naked be clothed the hungry be fed
And through the thick foiest will safely be led
So keep a good heart and act well your part
And firmly resist the enemies dart
Good by God bless you

'Tis founds, in passions tamed, subdued,
Felt in a heart made pure within,
Founds in the power of doing goods,
Felt to the full in loving Him.

'Tis in that faith which dries the tear
That starts so oft in sorrow's eye,
'Tis in that hope, o'ercoming fear,
Which gives o'er death the victory.

Oh, if thou knowest, ere life be o'er,
Naught of that heaven begun in thee,
Well may'st thou fear it has in store
No joy to bless Eternity.

Heaven.
"The Kingdom of Heaven is within you."

Oh, say what are thy thoughts of Heaven?
Still are they those the childhood knew,
When gazing on the skies at even,
Beyond the stars thy fancy flew,

Peopling the regions far above
With seraph forms of beauty rare,
Whose golden harps, with hymns of love
Melodious fill the perfum'd air?

But riper years perchance have given,
Thoughts less of earthly joy than this,
And the bright hope that pictures Heaven
Paints it a state of endless bliss,

Known but to spirits, who have passed
This earthly scene, life's sorrows o'er,
Whom mercy's hands admits at last
To joys unknown, unthought before.

Ah deem not so - on this side death
We know this blessed empire won -
Oh, wait not for the parting breath
To feel thy Kingdom, Heaven begun.

lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men,
liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him."

"Cast all your cares upon him."

Then, the angel met a little child, in the street sobbing
and in tears. "What is the matter, little one?" "O, I can't under-
stand my lesson, and my teacher is not patient with me.
I try hard, but I can't get it." In a moment the hand
drew the sack up to the little one, and the voice bade him
throw in his sorrows and his tears.

And, the angel saw, that, in every instance, when they
cast in their cares, and did not take them up again, they
were all comforted and cheered. They could dry up their tears,
and the smile followed the tear. But, when they refused to
cast them in, there was no comfort; the hand withdrew
the sack and left the poor sufferer to his sorrows. And,
as the angel went back to the throne, he brought a loud
thanking that there is one place large enough to hold all
the sorrows of earth, if the poor sufferers would only cast
them in, and let them remain there. "Earth hath no
sorrows which Heaven cannot cure."

"O to be brought to Jesus' feet,
Though sorrows fix us there,
Is still a privilege, and sweet
The energies of prayer,
Though sighs and tears its language be,
If Christ be nigh and smile on me."

copied from a Book.

"The calms of life without the storm,
Were but a stagnant pool;
One long but listless holiday,
Robb'd of its zest - the school.

"Joy for her truest tablets, takes
Some sorrow's parting shroud;
And, paints her richest, brightest hues,
Like Iris, on a cloud."

from the same.

I would crave God's richest blessings
Where so'er thy lot may be
That He take ^{thy} ~~thee~~ in His keeping,
Till thou'st crossed Life's troubled Sea,
As thou sail'st o'er Life's rough Sea.

S-hadows cast their gloom around thee,
A-nd the Sun ^{his} beams did hide,
M-ighty roared the storm above thee,
E-very Comfort seemed denied,
W-here did thy soul betide,
L-eaving ^{thy} Hope's bright golden pinions,
P-ointing to the 'Mighty Arm,'
W-hich, from ev' saved the millions,
I-n despair thou feared the harm.
N-earer drew the Lord who saw thee,
N-ow He spake to loving friends,
E-arnest, then they bore the treasure,
G-od to sorrowing ones doth send,
A-ltho' clouds around thee gather,
A-est in ^{thy} Faith, my dearest Brother."

Lines on Charles Arthur Cutler's Death.

Sweet little Dove, so pure, so true,
Thou from thy Parent's nest hast flown,
Thy form to us is hid from view,
Thou art a Star in Jesus' Crown.

We weep Affection's kindest tear,
With grief our hearts are sorely given,
No more our lonely home, 'twill cheer,
For sure, thou rests in yon bright Heaven.

As "The Angel" o'er thy couch did bent,
And gently whispered to thine ear,
He bore thee far away from Earth,
And left us sad and weary, here.

With "Cherub Chords" thy song is heard,
Thy Harp is tuned to Jesus' Praise,
The music of thy voice, dear Bird,
Shall cheer no more our Pilgrim days.

We miss thee, miss thee, darling one,
Yet would not call thee from the Blest,
But, lean on God's Almighty Arm,
Thou'lt see at Home, in Jesus' Breast.

Again, I pen, my Lizzie, dear,
^{my} To announce, to thee, that we are here
Upon our Sea-gist, Isle,
While, sickness, on the Continent,
Among friends, with whom, in sweet content
We hoped, to dwell awhile
Us, hath detain'd, and still we wait;
Yet, fearing to procrastinate
My husband goes away.

On fifth day morn, we bid fare-well,
Empties, e'en our hearts doth swell,

Our happy home we leave.

On seventh day morn, with things all pack'd,
My Bradford leaves, in our Steam-Boat,

For Boston, City, sure,

^{my} He travels thro' its precincts, round,

To see what labor he may find

A livelihood to gain.

If no success his footsteps bless,

^{my} Then, journeys he, to Providence

He fails not yet, in vain,

Discouragement within his breast,
No shore shall claim, but onward, press.

Till victory shall be won,
Meanwhile, his Mary lingers, here
Her tarry with a loved one shares,
Round her domestic board,
Soon, from the Main, she hopes to learn,
By letter, or, his kind return,
Where is her future home,
" " " " " "

Just four short months have pass'd away
As glides these hours of Sabbath day

Since plighted, we, our vows,
As, at the Altar we did stand,
With truest hearts & clasp'd, right hands
Before the presence of our God,
" " " " " "

Fear Lizzie did the Picture safe, arrive?
Our Steamer with the Ice did strive

We fear'd 't would sure, be lost
The Wrecks have come, our shores, along,
So hard, severe have been the storms,
The sea-foam it did wildly toss.
Death, from our midst hath sudden, taken
The husband, father, who will ne'er, awaken,
From his cold, silent sleep.

The Maria, wandere'd from her home,
And, strayed down to the wharf, alone,
Without the parting word,
Upon the Ice her hat she laid,
Again, her, gloves, beside, she laid,
And, drawn beneath the tide.

Within the churchyard, lies her frame,
Friends often speak her goodly name,
For, dearly, loved, was she?

The youth, declining, on his bed,
Partook of Poison; he was dead,
They found, his letters, three.

So hard, a winter, say the men,
Has not been known, for years, even ten,
Jack Frost is hardly fair.

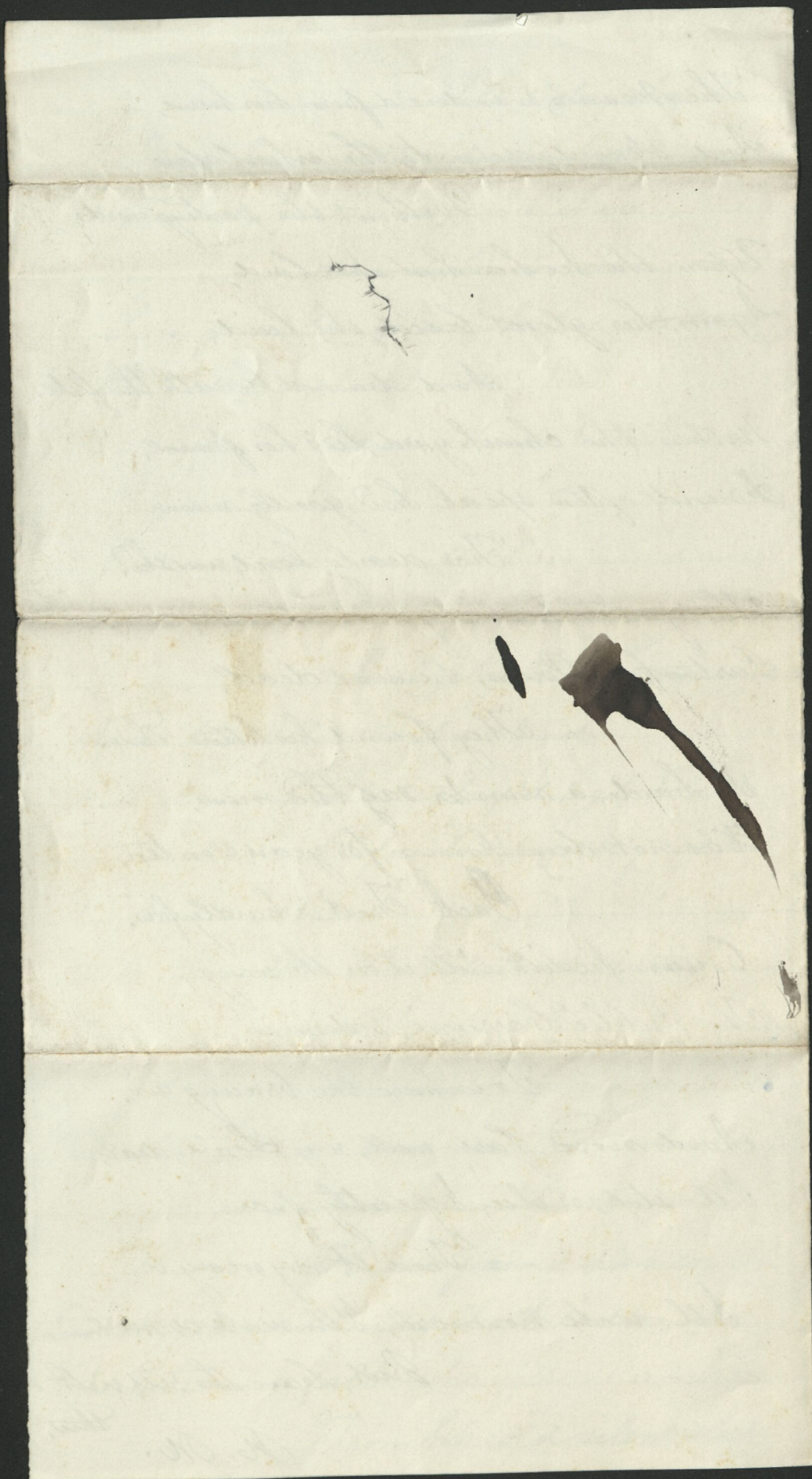
Cousin Judith still, is on the wing,
The Public Carriage, riding in;

To inhale the bracing air,
And, now fare-well, my Lissie, dear,
I'll stop, or else, I greatly fear
I shou'lt, very weary be.

I'll write no more, I'll write no more

But, leave the rest with thee.

No. No.



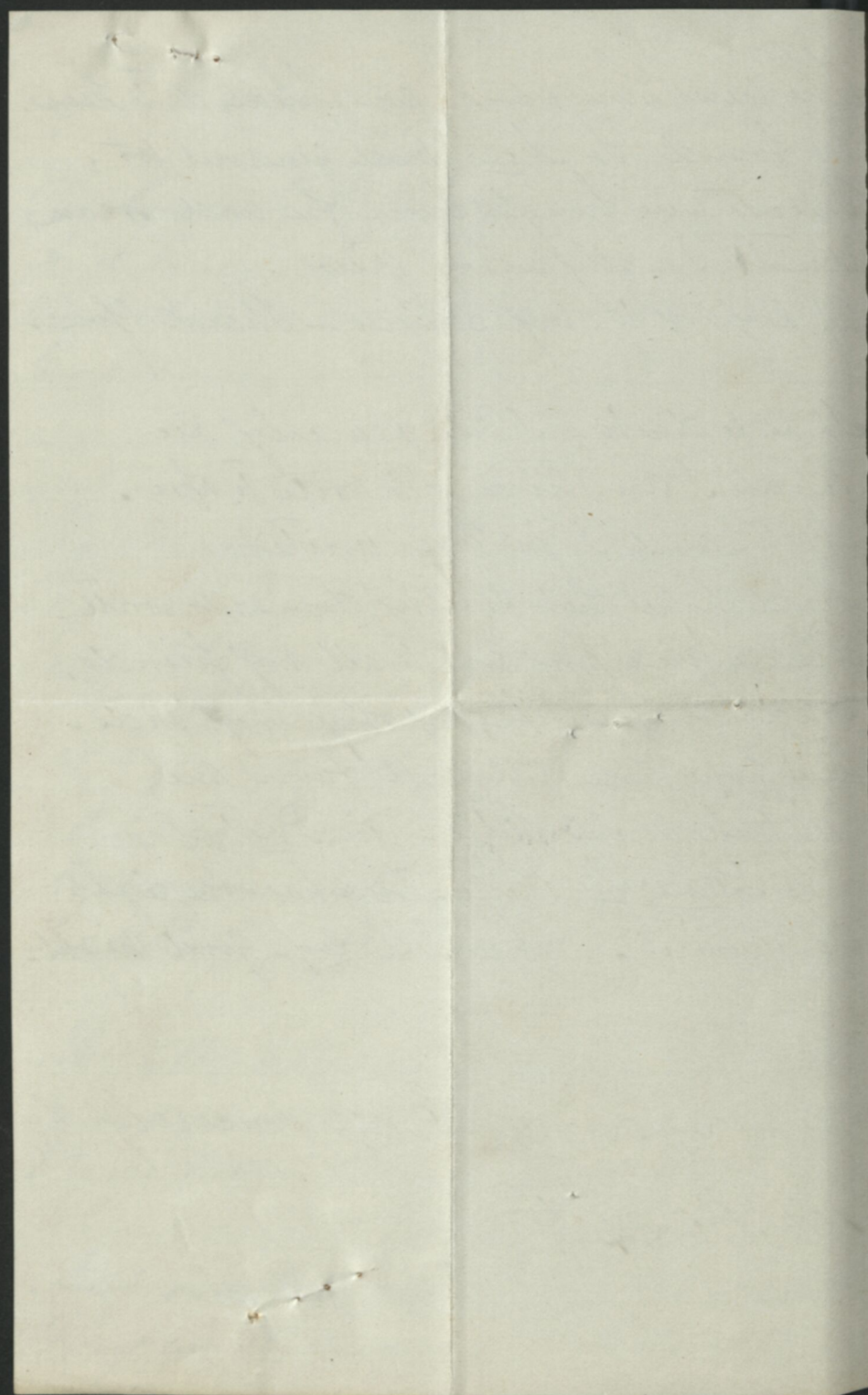
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Thou must excuse my tardiness,
In answering thy most welcome letter,
Domestic cares, that on me press,
Must tell thee - I could do no better.

I am not quite too sensible, to deem,
That I would wilfully neglect,
One, who, so highly I esteem,
Whose feelings I must ever respect.

I have read thy letter over and over;
But with it, am not satisfied -
I want that Friend - to come once more,
And claim my Mary, as his Bride

He asks for "Friendship" - Does he mean,
The highest state, of that blessed boon?
'Tis evident that he has seen
Morich, that has on his feelings won.



Perchance he thinks - thou'lt seek for wealth
And hon'ors - which he cannot bring;
But what are these, compared with health,
Contentment, virtue, &c. - Whence our blessing spring

But time will tell - and if it be,
The Heavenly Guide, will lead the way.
To make you one - and haply blest!
Trust to Him - he'll not lead astray.

And may'st thou pass a happy life,
Whatever lot - may yet be thine;
As daughter, sister, mother, wife -
In all these spheres, I know thou'lt shine.

My silly rhymes no more I'll send
To my good, old Nantucket friend.
Pleas'd to the flames commit them all,
Where never eyes can ~~at~~ them fall
And in thy nest - I hope thou'lt tell
They are destroyed - And now Farewell!

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The news thou sent - I was pleased to hear.
We found "St. Nic" most generous too;
Presents were brought from far, and wean,
Untill. I really wean grow
Of rushing to my friends - "Thank You".

It is so dark - I can scarcely see,
What I am trying to write to thee.
Kitten and I, in love unite.
And hope that shortly, thou wilt write.
Please give my love to all my friends,
And now for afce, my rhyming ends -
But hope, thou still, will favor me,
With frequent notes - in Poetry -
The Laurel, thine - thou hast the right
To claim it - Now I'll say - "Good Night".

Ever sincerely thine

1st Nov. 24th

The palm, my friend, I yield to thee;
As mine are merely dogged rhymes -
And cannot be styled Poetry -
Though they may serve as well, at times.

Thou need not fear, that I shall name
The secret, sent so late to me.

Still, in my breast it shall remain,
Till I, to tell, have liberty.

From thy description, I should say,
The gent is worthy of thy love.
And may be, at no distant day,
To his own home - thyself remain.

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There to protect, and watch over thee,
With all a husband's fondest care:
Whilst thou a loving wife wilt be,
With him, all good, and ill to share.

And may your bark glide smoothly on,
Unassailed, by life's troubled sea,
Until the Heavenly shore be won,
And you shall hear the word "Well done."
Then cast your anchor, where you'll ever be,
In that blest haven of eternity.

11th Nov^r 22nd

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Sweetly, yea, softly the Angels are singing
As wide open gates to that "City" so far,
Seraphs God's Praises today are all hymning
As our Mother's freed Spirit entereth ^{"there"},

Let tears from sad hearts now cease to be flow^{ing}
Give place the Anthems in ^{my} Heaven, today
For the Spirit releas'd from its body of suffering
With Jesus is resting in the Bright World ^{pure}

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Safely, yea, sweetly the Angels are singing,
As wide open Gates to "That City" so fair,
Seraphs God's Praises this day are all humming,
As our Mother's freed spirit entereth "there".

Let tears from sad hearts now cease to be flowing
Give place to the Anthems of Heaven, today,
For the Spirit's released from its body of suffering
With Jesus is resting in the "Bright World" away.

We'll soon meet again at Life's closing evening,
And welcome the True & the Saved, "Over there."
Where Heaven's glowing Light on us, then will be
The joys yet immortal we all then ^{dawning} share.

Oh! brightly beams that Day Star, now
For you still travelling on Life's Road,
Thou lonely one so humbly bow,
For Jesus bears thy heavy load,

He'll soothe thy sorrows finally heal
The wounded heart in this sad hour,
His presence bear you onward, still
To meet the loved on Canaan's shore.

Mists dimly hide this Blessed Land,
From earthly vision, yet concealed,
But, surely thou shalt join the Band
Shout glory true with Christ's Redeemed

Alh! swiftly glides the Angel, "Death,"
And gently looses fettered souls,
He softly steals the gasping breath,
And ready bears the wearied ones,

To Holy Realms, to ever dwell,
Where beauty crowneth all on High,
While Glory's Chants forever swell,
The Heavenly Anthem of the Sky.

Thus, hearing that Blest Angel, voice,
Who softly spoke to listening ear,
Our loving friend well knew the voice,
The Angel took the kindly sire,

He quickly bore his Spirit home,
He speedily reached the Golden Shore,
His earthly tasks all ended, done,
In Glory are his sorrows o'er.

Ye lonely ones so humbly bow,
By God Jesus bears your heavy load.

Mists dimly hide fair Canaan's Land,
From earthly vision yet concealed,
But surely you shall join the Band
That glory true with Christ redeemed.

new Bedford,
march 18th 1885

Lines on death of Mr. John Coffin
of Edgartown, Feb. 1885

Oh! swiftly glides the Angel, "Death,"
And, gently, looses fettered souls,
He softly steals the gasping breath,
And ready bears the wearied ones,

To holy realms to ever dwell
Where beauty crowneth all on High,
While Glory's Chants forever swell,
The Heavenly Anthems of the Sky.

Thus, hearing that blent Angel voice
Who softly spoke to listening ear,
Our loving friend well knew the voice,
The Angel took the kindly fare.

He quickly bore his Spirit home,
He speedily reached the Golden Shore,
His earthly tasks all ended, done,
In Glory are his sorrows o'er.

Oh, brightly beams, that Day, star, now?
Our weary toilers on Life's road,

Lines On The Celebration,
Of The "Golden Wedding,"

Of
Leth & Rhoda Siken

Contributed By Mrs. Mary Macy

Wide open the door, loved Sister, Brother,
And, bid your good kind friends come in,
For, sure we come with joy together,
To celebrate your "Golden Wedding."

We list the tale, this Eve. of Autumn,
Of two score years to Memory left,
Of plighted vows, yea, vows so sacred,
Have each been truly, faithful kept.

To cheer your pilgrimage below,
Your Sons & daughter forth, have come,
Mementoes dear friends now bestow,
And leave within your pleasant home,

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In Eighteen Thirty Three's bright Autumn,
Friends met to see the happy Bride,
So forth she came to meet the Bridegroom,
And, quiet, sat her by his side,
" " " " "

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And,

You started on Life's voyage, together,
On Times' vast Ocean, thus to sail,
'Mid stormy billows never faltered,
And trusted God, who calms the gale.

As Life's voyage nears its final closing,
The Sunset sinks 'neath western sky,
May you your Pilot's hand still holding,
Be wafted to your Home on High,

To dwell 'mid scenes of Heavenly Glory,
And, roam its Sacred Plains so fair,
Repeat again "The Old Old Story"
And, rest with Jesus, "Over There."

Oct 31 / 1883,
New Bedford,

A Tribute Of Thanks
By
Mrs. Mary Macy.



Portentous clouds were gathering o'er our head,
And round us, sorrow's mantle sure was spread,
Misfortune, disappointment soon made haste,
All earthly hopes & treasures too, laid waste.

At that lone hour when lonely bowed with grief,
In faith the soul look'd up, to seek relief
From Him who never slumbers, never sleeps,
But o'er His flock, His faithful vigil keeps.

Our Heavenly Parent saw the upturned eye
Thou Heav'n who listened, heard the suppliant cry
And swiftly plumed the ministering angel's wing,
As soaring He God's heavenly message brings.

'Tis you're dear loving brothers sisters, friends,
Thou ev' sweet sympathy kindly aid to lend,
With offerings drawn from out your little store,
Which God, in mercy sent you as a shower.

²⁴
Thus, bless a wounded soldier's aching heart,
With courage to the Orphan sister's breast impart,
While 'neath the storms of earth we e'er do tread
Or, sunshine smiles upon our drooping heads.

Loved friends a grateful tribute here accept,
Your cheerful gifts we never shall forget,
A rich reward be yours from Jesus' hand
A starry crown in Canaan's holy land.

Our path in valley low, or, green hillside,
Shall echo loud our God "He will provide,"
¹⁴His word, His promised love to us, is pure,
¹⁴His boundless mercy to the end endures.

May we all cling to Jesus, trust in God,
¹⁴Till at Life's close, His face we do behold,
¹⁴There will our trials, troubles all be o'er,
Emmanuel we will worship evermore.

March 1882
" " "

"The calm of life
Were but a
One long but de
Robbed of its

"Joy for her time
Some sorrow
And, paints her
Like Iris, on

Lines on death of Mr. John Leppin
of Edgartown, Feb. 1885

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March 1882

Answered to that on Page 37.

Edgerton Jan 6 1872

Thine Own Decease of Mary Wasp Supper.

^{my} Breathe the Hall, gently, one from us hath fled,
Our Mary hath left us, they whisper, "she is dead,"
^{my} From the land of the Blest, there comes to our hearts,
A comforting assurance, we shall meet, never to part.

^{my} That sweet cheering smile that beamed from thine eye,
Those kindly expressions to all who were nigh,
Among cherished memories ever will be,
When, in the Family Circle, we shall then, speaking

No longer shall the Rose Bloom, adorn thy fair cheek,
Nor again we hear the footsteps of thy youthful feet;
^{my} The Angel, "Death," summoned, thou obeyed his stern call,
He bore thee away 'neath Funeral Pall.

Not away! not fled! but at rest in thy grave,
Thy body lies quiet, while thy sweet spirit, lives,
Nearer, forever shall dwell with the Father, above,
Where all is Harmony, Peace, Holy Love.

^{my} Then husband and parents, and sister with friends,
May your heart stirring prayers to Heaven ascend,
O' brush away tears from eyes that now weep,
You may all, yet all in Reunion, yet meet.

^{my} Link ye! from the Portals of Heavenly Bliss,
Angels are hymning the Songs of the Blest,
Jesus our Saviour ever dwells on High,
^{my} To welcome His true ones, "come to the Bliss."

Dress

Why should our garments, made to hide
 Our parents shame, provoke our pride?
 The art of dress did ne'er begin,
 Till, Eve, our mother, learned to sin.
 When, first she put her covering on,
 Her robe of innocence was gone,
 And yet, her children vainly boast,

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^{my} The picture'd face of my Grandmère,
In its loveliness now, before me lies,
Around her features plays the same mild placid smile
Which, ev, in life, she wore.

We've All Our Angel-side

Despair not of the better part,
^{ay} That lies in human kind;
A gleam of light still lingers there,
E'en in the darkest mind;
Despair not! oh despair not, then,
^{ay} For thro' this world so wide,
Some unexpected act reveals,
Each hath an angel side.

^{ay} Few rocks so bare, but to their height,
Some little moss-plant, clings
And round the peaks so desolate,
^{ay} The sea-bird sits and sings.
Believe me too, that rugged souls,
Beneath their rudeness hide,
Much that is beautiful & good,
We're all our angel side.

Groping about in utmost night,
Some prison'd souls there are,

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he fled,
there a bode,
r, lent,
e grief,
Sunny air.
hair stood,
orth, to come,
occupy.
ice I ne'er did tie.
floor, I trod,
he shorten'd cakes
so nicely made.
lath day,
i, with her, to sit
Pulpit side,

We've All Our Angel-side

Despair not of the better part,
^{ay} That lies in human-kind;
A gleam of light still lingereth,
E'en in the darkest mind;
Despair not, oh despair not, then,
^{ay} For thro' this world so wide,
Some unexpected act reveals,
Each hath an angel side.

^{ay} Fierd Rocks so bare, but to their height,
Some little Moss-plant, clings
And round the peaks so desolate,
^{ay} The sea-bird sits and sings.
Believe me too, that rugged souls,
Beneath their rudeness hide,
Much, that is beautiful & good,
We've all our angel side.

Groping about in utmost night,
Some prison'd souls there are,

Who know not what life's meaning ^{is}
Nor dream of Heaven afar,
Oh! that some gentle hand of love,
^{as} Their erring steps would guide,
And show them that amidst it all,
Life has its angel side.

Our cruse of oil will not grow less,
If shared with hearty hand,
And words of peace & acts of love,
^{as} Few natures can withstand
Love is the mighty conqueror,
Love is the cautious guide,
Love with its beaming eye, can see
We're all our angel side.

Dress

Why should our garments, made to hide
Our parents' shame, provoke our pride?
The art of dress did ne'er begin,
Till, Eve, our mother, learned to sin.

When, first she put her covering on,
Her robe of innocence
And yet, her child

Who know not what life's meaning is
Chase dream of Heaven afar.
Oh! that some gentle hand of love,
By their erring steps would guide,
And show them that amidst it all,
Life has its angel-side.

Our cruse of oil will not grow less,
If shared with hearty hand,
And words of peace & acts of love,
Few natures can withstand
Love is the mighty conqueror,
Love is the beautiful guide,
Love with its beaming eye, can see
We've all our angel side.

^{any} The picture'd face of my Grandmere,
In its loveliness now, before me lies,
Around her features plays the same mild placid smile
Which, ev' in life, she wore.

And, while thereon, I gaze,
Sweet mem'ries of the Past, are 'roused,
Rekindled is the flame of love, within my heart.
With grace of Monument linger they there,
^{my} Those by-gone scenes, revive; the joys of other days,
When, beside her knee, I sat.

In yonder chamber, with its sloping wall,
^{my} 'Twas where her sainted self did dwell,
With him, who, in youth her hand did seek,
Thus in holy wedlock joined were they,
^{any} Those days are counted with the fled,
In harmony, Meanness & Order, there abode,
Which, to the doom, a sweet cheer, lent,
And all who enter'd there, did greet,
With welcome's sunny air.

In yon corner the little flag chair stood,
Waiting for children's children forth, to come,
^{my} The seat to occupy.

Of the cadence of her gentle voice I ne'er did tire,
Across the shining, whiten'd floor, I trod,
Where ne'er were ginger or the shorten'd cakes
So fresh as those her hands so nicely made.

When came the weekly Sabbath Day,
^{my} 'Twas music, within the slip, with her, to sit
Close to the Pulpit side,

And, when the voice of Pastor, ceas'd to speak,
 Then, clasping hands toward home we walk'd,
 As Night her curtains around us fold,
 Upon my cheek, Affection's Seal, she left,
 Then, sought her quiet home

Even now, her tones of earnest prayer, I hear
 As, in my childhood days,
 Ascend the Throne of Grace.
 Her heart of Love Divine, so full
 Did others seek, the way to God, to point,
 The sinners confidence to win.

Thus glided by the threescore years & ten,
 Ten were added, and yet more by ten,
 Till, ninety number'd all; Ah! then the Angel,
 To its eternal Rest, her spirit, call'd.

Hark! Listen! catch the sound
 As, from her lips these words are heard

"Come Lord, O Jesus quickly come."

To hear n, the peace, she pass'd,
 From sorrow, care and pain,
 The Receipts to my infant mind, she gave,
 Are not from mental Page, erased,
 They have not from my Memory sped,
 But treasur'd in a grateful heart, they lie
 God grant that bread upon the waters, cast,

1861.

May, to His glory, yet be found.

Reply to Page 40.

48

On Friday eve. the clock chimed full,
 When, lo! at our front gate, I sped
 The cypress-man with his load of goods,
 And, to the step whereon, I stood
 A long white Boy, to me, he said,
 "The looked for one has come at last,
 Upstairs I bore its heavy weight,
 Not long did Bradford have to wait
 The hatchet, hammers, loosed the lid
 'neath which the Goodies had been hid,
 I tell you, Papers strewn the floor,
 No intruder, even opened the door,
 The sig quart paid, if you believe,
 Was fit the Cookies, to receive,
 The Sugar, and the 'Laves, all,
 Filled this tin vessel, much full,
 The Ham, we laid away, to keep,
 The Fresh Beef, Wednesday, we did eat,
 Oh! Piggies gone, your letter tells
 In Sausage meat we love so well.
 Away, in a cold room we laid
 Till we should see the time spread,
 One tiny Package seem'd to please,
 And Mary soon began to sneeze,
 We found its contents to be Pepper
 So surely thus, I did not blame her.
 The Sugar oh! to me how sweet
 'Twas purchas'd, when they call, Town Street,
 Upon the shelf, M. put the Pie's,
 As good as ever met my eyes,
 So white the little Loaf of Bread,
 That by my Ellen's hands was knead,
 A feeling o'er my spirit stole,
 Thoughts of my home did fill my soul.

Rice for a Pudding too, Jane,
 Some day we'll cook for M. & me.
 That Chocolate, it is just the thing,
 More blood within my veins, to bring.
 The Apples & the Nuts did suit
 And we are both so fond of fruit.

B. sends you thanks dear sister Nell,
 For the little Gift you worked so well.
 And soon as Sue has left our street
 To Smith's he'll go with willing feet,
 This Paper is so smooth & slick
 That Pen glides over it very quick.
 The Envelope too are just the size
 I'm sure E. H. Macy must be wise.
 And when we took one smallish Paper,
 We for a moment found a bother
 Sugar it be or pure white Salt
 Be assured a moment we did halt.
 That Molasses Sugar the best kind
 In Nantucket Island you would find.
 Now, out B. drew a nice big bundle,
 I wonder he did well nigh stumble
 Peeping in, we found those stockings
 And then, we laughed amid the talking.
 All right dear Annie, I them have,
 And will attend, to help you save,
 And when to you I them shall send,
 One more new pair you may depend.
 But time is hastening, now for dinner,
 I could not write to you, the sooner,
 As calls, work, brought me so late,
 That for a little you must wait.
 Accept our thanks dear ones and all,
 The offering to you is but small,
 But, rises from two grateful hearts
 Altho' we live few miles apart.
 A rich reward be yours in Heaven,
 To each a starry Crown, be given.
 Jan 11th 1877.

From the gathered clouds, fall the rain-drops, fast,
 The melody of bells has ceased at last
 To chime the hour for the true worshippers,
 Their devotion to prove as Christ's followers,

As I take my seat in my own loved home,
 The labors of the week complete & done,
 The wearied mind for its nourishment, seeks,
 Bring forth the books with their pages, replete!

From the pen of the Writer of the present Age,
 From the words of Seer, of Poet, or Sage,
 With latent power I'll strive to glean
 Some thought to my heart like a bright sunbeam,
 Which, shedding its radiance o'er my pathway,
 Shall reflect sweet joys of the Eternal Day.

Now to my friend in the City I'll speak,
 Whose heart with love like a sister doth beat
 For one who her friendship confidently trusts,
 When sorrow or joy their cloud o'er her bursts.

Thy Poem was precious to me as a Gift
 Expressive of a heart of Affection deep,
 Many thanks from Me thou wilt please accept,
 While among my treasures those lines are kept.

Swift thy mental Locomotive hath sped
 While with interest my simple Rhyme thou read,
 Of reflections, which the circumstance, lent,
 As I saw the lines; - his letter's contents.

But, not to a Country home, shall I go,
 Where fields once green are now mantled with snow
 The Ice King across the hill-tops has crept,
 Of Earth's verdure not a sprig has he left.
 Not there will my footsteps steadily glide,
 Not there will ever my presence abide.
 But, on the Sweet Isle, all around it the Sea,
 Mantucket its name and ever shall be,
 Where the billows dash 'gainst the sandy shore,
 Long and loud may be heard its deafening roar.

My new found friend to his hostess did write
 Since we, in a ^{my} Trio Company unite,
 Proposes, we add to our number, one more,
 With him in a friendship, embark, as four.
 Thou sees to my list, a friend have I gain'd,
 But, not, as thou dream'd, in wedlock be join'd.

Our work is scarce and time still glides along,
 Foxboro starts another ^{my} Turin, we learn,
 What prospects brighten, yet remain,
 The Future, from our knowledge still detains,
 Will, one by one, successive steps we take,
 To its realities, each day, we make.

With thy Macy cousins, last ev, I passed,
 Young Florence with the Christmas Gifts did pass
 Before me, on the table quickly spread
 Collar of Valtan, of the finest thread
 For Mother's neck, with the points in front.

There was one for Sisters, and both alike,
 Also one little straight one, for the lambskin, true,
 With a ribbon run in of prettiest blue;
 As the tokens of love from feminine's Me. -
 With three golden studs for hair, they came.
 To Mr. G. E. a nice Kerchief he gave,
 With a book from him to her own small self.
 The Vase & the Perfumery bottle
 Nuts, apples, candies from Aunt & Uncle.
 The apron white & the paper doll, too.
 Were admird, soon laid aside from curd sin.
 Thus ended the Christmas, Child's Holiday,
 Closed were her eyes as to dreams the day.

O come! at thy native Isle, take a peep,
 Thou'lt see, oh our sharp, the Sea-Clams in heaps.
 A shanty here, the same standeth yonder,
 At the rude frame gaze & strangely wonder.
 God ^{thy} Fishes swim from our Coast this season,
 Wherefore we know not; they left us no reason,
 Then at the south side, with the lines were drawn,
 The Gales have driven others; from our borders they have ^{gone}

'Twas an aged man, in his sail boat, went
 Expecting Quahogs in plenty, to get,
 Ere he reach'd the spot, the shell-fish to take,
 Great was his surprise, when lost was his date.
 While diligently searching was he, for that,
 Gliding o'er the water, hearing the Pilot,
 A discoury made; to his townsmen reveal'd,
 Enabling the destitute, their families to feed,

O'er Lizzie, five hundred bushels per day,
 From their bed in the Deep, they're bringing away,
 The men & poor lads, who for labor do wait
 These clam shells may open, for the fisherman's ^{bait}
 Hundreds of dollars worth from our Isle have gone,
 More by Order will leave on the morrow's morn,
 Thus, Lizzie I remember, while I tell the tale,
 The same Hand provideth, who once, sent the Quail

Fare-well, dear Lizzie, I must bid thee adieu,
 Thou art weary with my scribbling, full well, I know
 This epistle now will I bring to a close,
 Nothing more can I write, as there is no more.

O! may I be favor'd with another good poem,
 From the pen of my own precious one,
 'Tis a good way to scatter good seed & keep sowings,
 While it thrives 'neath the warm rays of the Sun,
 12th mo. 1869

To Brother Cooper.

O Brother! precious Brother, mine,
 The Master calleth to me, now,
 So gently whispers He and kind,
 O hearken, hear His voice so low.

Come, softly bow thee, Brother, dear,
 Sea, hidden! as He, pleading, stands,
 He beckons from fair "Canaan's shore"
 "There's music" 'mong the "Angel Band"

54
6
He reacheth out His loving hand,
And, pointing clearly, all the way,
Bids me, on firmer Truth to stand,
Work even, while it yet is day.

I was kneeling humbly at the "Cross,"
In patient waiting there, to learn,
The Master saw me tempted - tossed,
For righteous paths my feet did turn.

O! Brother bid me then, to run
On ev'ry side Jesus tells me go,
When, homeward, hastens my return,
A friendly greeting may I know?

Nor ever from your Earthly Fold,
Feel shrinking dread or mortal fear
Of greetings, hearties, distant, cold,
But, brothers sisters always dear.

Yea, welcome me your ranks, among,
The Father smiles upon His child,
And some day beareth us above,
From Desert drear, from Mountain wild,

That City fair no Sin doth know.
The Cloud Lavier is the Light,
The Crystal Sea, around it flows
In Heaven above, there is no Night.

March 16th 1882.

Dear Carrie, in the halls of my Memory are hung
 Past scenes brightly pictur'd; while the Hymns that we sung,
 Once more, do they echo within the walls of my home,
 While again I live o'er the days now by-gone.
 As precious was the hour of halcyon rest,
 When, dismissing Earth's wearisome care, from our breast,
 We sat 'neath the shadow of Heaven's High Rock,
 Breathing prayer that we, as the lambs of Christ's ^{True} Flock,
 Possessing the spirit of His pure Righteousness,
 Life's battles might meet; with victory be blest.

And too, at the side of the Sufferer we knelt,
 Listening to the story, she did in weakness repeat
 Of Jesus, his compassion, his love for our race
 His wisdom, his forbearance, his Mercy's free grace,
 Are these, with others, far hid, and forgot,
 Or, come they with cheer, as thou tal'st at thy lot?

Come Carrie, sweet cousin, come tell me the tale,
 Of joys & of sorrows (as thy Bark, it has sail'd),
 Which, oft wad' their pinions light over thy head,
 Or, with Enemy's fierce dart, thy heart hath assail'd,

'Among strangers, far from thy kindred, thou'rt gone,
 In diligent seeking thou'rt found thee a home,
 Where, we trust, dwell hearts of kindness and love,
 Where long hath abode the Heavenly Love.

Since friends may then meet, is my earnest desire,
 Impell'd with his goodness, thy heart err inspire,
 To follow his footsteps, who on Earth did sojourn,
 His disciples the lesson of humble patience to learn.

Charlotte tells us, that from the City thou'lt go,
 To stop for a time at ^{my} Birmingham Town,
 Where, a situation more lucrative, I suppose,
 Is more desirable, sure, which none would oppose.

The information, it to us hath come,
 That, one, now waits to claim the ^{my} her own,
 Is this, say, is this, dearest cousin, all true,
 If so may Heaven's smile rest always on you,
 As the holy tie, in matrimony joins,
 Thus, making you twain, no longer, but one,
 May Peace, and Contentment ever find thy pathway,
 Whether married or single, forever & aye.

Green are the hills where in boyhood I stroyed,
 Even fresh flows the brook where often I played
 O'er hill, vale, and mead skippi'd I as a fawn,
 Rose tint on my cheek, as bright as the morn,
 Grief not to my heart a shade had overcast,
 Even thought I these joys they ever will last.

Loads came when from youth I had grown to man,
 O'er my home came blight of Death Angel's hand,
 O-h, yes from me then, my loved ones, he bore,
 Placed them far far on the "Evergreen" shore,
 Even nought to my heart there yet doth remain,
 A-curse in ^{my} Heaven, I shall see them again.

March 1882

Bird of the Mountain! Where soarest thou?
 With pinion plumed leaving Marlboro,
 Thy home, in that quiet, safe retreat,
 O! where wilt thou rest thy weary feet?

Poising on the bank of Contoocook River,
 As waters flow smoothly among & ever;
 Or near the bosom of the silvery Lake,
 Mirror-like, reflecting the human face?
 Is it close to the bubbling, gurgling Fountain?
 Ah! no!! at the foot of Monadnock Mountain.
 Where Maples rear their forms in the ambient air,
 With branches extended with foliage rare,
 Reaching for the warmth of the Sun's lucid ray,
 Quaffing the Dew distill'd at the break of Day.
 Lo! wilt thou be culling the ever-green ^{my} Fern,
 Watching in the Orchard for the Fruit's return.

In the Valley, low, like a Table land, spread,
 Bloom flowers, as they lift in beauty their heads.
 Ah! Mountain Bird bid thee away to thy nest,
 Or, wilt thou await the Spring time's behest?
 Ere long like a Maiden's bright youth will she glide,
 With Lilies, Daisies decking vale & hill-side.
 All Hail! Mountain Bird, may thy song ^{hush'd} be
 By Linnæus, the Nightingale's note, or the Thrush,
 At the rising of the morn, thy Thyone shall ascend,
 At Eve, in true Praise to The Mountain Bird's ^{my} Friend

O! could I tune the Poet's Lyre
And, hymn to thee, his sweetest Lay,
My heart would rave with Faith's desire,
On this most blessed Sabbath Day.

'Tis mine to crave; but, not, possess
Thy Gift, by God, to man, endowed,
No Talent-Claim as 'Poetess'
Was ever, on thy friend, bestowed.

'Twere vain to murmur at my lot,
But, seek for good old Dame, 'Content'
I ne'er her precepts have forgot.
But, find her true & faithful friend,
Who will all this Life's pathway shed
As bending low she whispers, oft,
(With blessed halo crown my head,
"Be of good cheer", "O! look aloft")

When, with my paper, pen & ink
I sit me down alone & still,
A thought steals o'er me; as I think,
My pen glides o'er; my page is fill'd;
With musings of my feeble mind,
Which write I, as my heart inclines.

Our Isle but little news affords,
Thy kindred Circle here, I find
So small, requires but few words,
And, thus, I scribble on, in Rhyme.
Thy aged uncle with silvered locks
Is well as may be at his age.

^{my} His Lydia standeth at her post,
Domestic duties, her, engage.

^{my} The Macys are ~~well~~ well, thou know'st
^{my} Thy Cousin Judith yet remains.
Paralysis fetters as it throws
Around the limbs its tight'ning chains,
Several are suffering from his grasp,
And, looking soon, to be releas'd
^{my} To reach the haven of rest at last,
^{my} To dwell forever in Endless Peace.

^{my} The Lectures I do not attend,
But, felt 'twould be better for me
My dollar & my time to spend,
For Books from Athenaeum Library.
Now since this dollar does gain
Choice volumes among many,
The contents which thou & I glean,
Our subjects do not seem to weary.

Since 18. 40 has begun.
"Looking ^{my} Towards Sunset," we have read,
By ^{my} Dr. W. Childs the work was done,
We've read "Gold ^{my} Soil" by ^{my} J. Pitcomb.
"Selections ^{my} From American Poets,"
"Home ^{my} Life" by ^{my} J. F. W. Ware,
"Little ^{my} Foxes" by ^{my} Harriet Beecher Stowe,
^{my} The ^{my} Truths how excellent they are.

We have no Star from which to can

But, wait with patience for the work,
 At ^{my} Foxboro but, two machines do run,
 No Orders come for sale of Hats.

By Mail, to me, two Papers came,
 Of Rural Scenes, by one described, - &
 A Letter, at its close, his name,
 Whose home is near the Mountains high.

At his request, I to him wrote,
 If he received, I have not learn'd,
 Long silence, to me, doth denote,
 I sent it to the Office, wrong.

No proposition hath he made,
 Save that, I once did slip to thee,
 A ^{my} Friendship, no wild foe to side,
 My ^{my} Fortune may my Father guide,
 By ^{my} His unerring Wisdom, here,
 While, with my heart all sanctified,
 I love ^{my} His holy yoke to bear.
 He knows our weakness; knows our fear,
 When earthly hearts & flesh shall fail,
 He guards us with His watchful care,
 The ^{my} Tempter shall, in vain, assail.

Whichever my fortune may be cast,
 If sunbeams smile or storms ^{do} may cloud,
 I'm well assured, with Anchor cast
 Safe on ^{my} "The Rock," I'll trust that Power.

Accept my thanks, my Sister dear,
 For thy best wishes thus express'd.
 I prize them, for their value, heed
 As prayers within a sister's breast.

There is one request, I cannot grant,
 Nought would I to my love, deny,
 I'll speak child's words, and say "I shan't"
 Filing all those Poems, far away.
 When frequent sadness clouds my path,
 I'll care sit's crowning to my soul,
 My wearied mind a solace, hath,
 While reading over again the whole.
 Found, yet, my Sister spoke to me,
 The far betwixt us, rolls the Sea.
 Permit me, thus, these lines to keep,
 For one I love for her own sake,
 Perhaps on Earth we yet may meet,
 If not, on shore Eternal may we wake.

Now Lord let me breathe, Adieu,
 Kind love please give to Nestor, too,
 May we all meet in yonder ^{my} Heaven,
 With Christ our God; our sins forgiven.

I ask for more of thy rhyming letters,
 And then I will do the same,
 If not, I can do no better
 But, write in Prose, at each time.

1870,

To Aunt Morse.

Kind Friend,

When sorrow clouds our pathway here,
Our heart feels sadness gathering o'er,
^{ay} 'Tis blest when Jesus passeth near,
And, whispers, at times, before,
When faint and weary by the way
The Pilgrim yearn'd for Heavenly Rest,
^{ay} His Rod & Staff have been his stay,
Full well assur'd, God knoweth best, -
^{ay} 'Tis sweet to feel no tear doth flow,
Nor trembling sigh is ever drawn,
No pleasure can the spirit know,
But, Christ, our Saviour, looketh on,
With kindly care for sin-sick souls,
He watcheth o'er each tender Lamb,
No needed gift His Hand withhold,
He still is God; The Great I Am;
Thus, while His Mercies close us round,
May we with calm, unmov'ring trust
Our hearts with Heavenly Grace abound,
Acknowledge God, all-wise & just.

We'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Submissive wait our Master's call,
For Christ, the Lamb, for sinners slain,
Hath promised to be all in all
To every patient, humble heart
Who earnest seeks the Narrow Way.
^{ay} From every idol freely parts
And, journeys Heavenward, while 'tis day.

My spirit breathed to God its prayer,
 God heard & answered, Thou wert sent,
 With Christian words of kindly cheer,
 Which, to my drooping courage, lent
 New strength, as 'twere, to struggle on,
 In Life's stern warfare yet, to fight,
 Till Heav'n's Eternal Day, shall dawn,
 That glorious Realm, where is no night.
 The kindly smile thou gavest me,
 The gently whisper'd words, thou spake,
 Were tokens of a friend, to me,
 I say, can I thus, mistake? —
 While daily at my task, I wrought
 Thy Nature craved some dear retreat,
 Thou came, & quickly to me brought
 The draught which gave me sweet relief.
 A thousand thanks to thee are due,
 My loving, true & faithful friend,
 E'er may thou yet, thy work pursue,
 And, may we meet at the journey's end.
 To ease the sufferings of the frame,
 While thus, thy mission here, below,
 Be thine, to bless in Jesus' Name,
 The Gospel Truths, to sinners show.
 Draw from the Mountain's flowing stream,
 The riches of Redeeming Grace,
 The Sun of Righteousness' holy beam,
 May shine upon Thy saintly face,
 A mirror of the Christ-like soul,
 Which, ever may abide within,
 Where God shall make Thy blest abode,
 And sin shall never enter in.

May thou receive a happy crown,
 Thy prophetic cast, at Jesus' feet.
 And, when thou layest thy armor down,
 Thy labor o'er, thy work complete.

To Aunt Morse.

64 6

I left thy Farm Home mid the Gale & the Rain,
With the Wind did I struggle, but victory gain'd,
Yes, in safety I reach'd my childhood's abode,
From my heart, the song of thanksgiving, it rose.
For unnumber'd blessings, my path do surround,
May these keep me low, in humility, found,
While to the blest Cross more firmly I cling,
My all, a true offering to God, try to bring.

To their Maker, the birds chirp'd their sweet little lay,
As they plumb'd their wings, and sped far away;
Blue Violets, their tiny petals, hid among,
Tall waving Grass, with its fresh verdure on,
Yellow Buttercups seem'd to say O! Wind pass thou on,
The ^{my} Honeysuckles look'd earnest for the days of the Sun.

In the Grave-yard, the Gard'ner, was laying the sod,
O'er the mound, where the clay rests, whose spirit hath fled,
E'en blest is a ramble o'er the hills, in a storm,
With our faith firm in God, who protects us from harm.

No voice did thou greet me, no sound did I hear,
As I turn'd the iron key, and open'd my door
To writing the Straw Braid my attention I lent,
Till ~~two~~ hats, I completed, and this morn have I sent
By Grandpa, to his grandboys (I hope they will fit)
If either fail in size, I can ^{soon} alter it.

May more grace & mercy
thy prophet cast, at Jesus feet.

And, when thou lays thy arms down, thy work complete,
thy labor o'er; thy work complete.

In exchange for the pretty Bouquet which he gave,
 Gratuities is the work of the hand which I made,
 Little brother, a portion of the labor shall share,
 They may think of friend M. when them, they do wear.

Thine well loving Friend for this time, fare thee well
 My love, please remember to thy family, all,
 Till, guided by Heaven's Great Shepherd, to meet
 Once again, on our pilgrimage, one another, to greet.

5th mo. 28th 1870,

To Aunt Morsey,

I was yesterday Eve, as alone I sat,
 Of my frugal meal, about to partake,
 I met thoughts of thy Farm, Home, over me stole,
 These mem'ries served but to gladden my soul.

The slow tread of Fanny, I heard near my door,
 I gain a nice ride, I enjoyed, as before;
 With pleasure I gazed on the Pastures so green,
 Where, in the far distance, were feeding the Cows;
 Ay,onder, so still, lay the Marcey's Blue pond,
 One well-nigh could reach with the fling of a stone;
 The birdling its nest had now made in the ground
 With three little eggs may another be found.
 O! hard is the heart of him, who would take
 Her cozy home, while she coos to her mate,
 As from the shrub to the branch of the tree,
 For food she seeks, then to her fledglings doth flee.

^{my}
 To the Barn did I go, with Milk-pail in hand,
 Chatting at the side of friend Mason did stand,
 Old Blanche, the yellow cow, so gentle & meek,
^{my}
 The privilege allowed me, of patting her neck.
 O! Mother, dear

I saw thee as Thou poured the Cream in the churn,
 My lessons in ^{my} Farming, I soon shall have learn'd,
 Dash went the wheel, causing all now to flutter
 At the lapse of fifteen minutes, I saw the new Butter.

When, set near the hearth stone, was the round table,
 Aunt E. was to read, if she did feel able,
 While on the new carpet Thou swift, plied thy needle,
 With thy happenings, sure, no stranger would meddle.

O! Mother, dear Mother! this Right, may I claim,
^{my}
 To speak this affectionate, most precious sweet name,
 With ^{my} Hannah, Aunt Elisabeth & Susie I'm blest,
 My heart swells with gratitude while I confess
 Unworthy am I such blessings to have,
 Glory, thanksgiving to the Lord of all Time.

6th mo. 1870.

Sister Esther J. Wade, In Memoriam.
 Dear! from our presence thou art gone,
 The Angels beckon'd, thy spirit, it has flown,
 No more 'tis ours thy smile on Earth, to greet,
 While at our School there is one vacant seat,

Within our Mission School, eight years thou toiled,
 Faithful, & prayerful to sow within the soil,
 The seed of Truth, in heart of youth & child,
 In tones of Christian Love, so meek & mild,

Thy class with broken hearts do mourn & weep,
 Assured no more Christ's Precepts, thou'lt repeat,
 No more a teacher's prayer for them, will rise,
 Ascend, & echo thro' the vaulted skies,

And, as we gather'd round thy lifeless clay,
 We felt thy spirit dwell in realms of endless day,
 If "Jesus, Lover of my soul," was precious to thee, here,
 In strains, celestial thou dost sing it there.

No more shalt sorrow cloud thy saintly brow,
 At pain's feet 'tis thine forever more to bow,
 From trials, sickness, pain thou ever shalt be free,
 With Christ the Lamb, throughout an endless day.

Good teacher thou art gone, & may thy mantle rest
 On us, who labor, in the field, so blest,
 Our consecrated hearts anew to Him be given,
 For God to live, to die, & reign with Him, in Heav'n.

While Father Mother, Brothers shed the falling tear,
And, feel thou left them sad & lonely, here,
A few brief days, to them, by God, be given,
His Word declares, Reunion then in Heaven?

7th mo. 8th 1870.

To Friend B. C. Macy.

When sorrow clouds my pathway, here,
And, Satan fills my heart with fears,
'Tis sweet before the Mercy-Seat,
To bow my soul at Jesus' feet.

The Mines of Earth no treasures hold,
Of rubies rare, or choicest gold,
Which can with Jesus' love, compare,
The smile that Jesus grants me, there.

Then let us cast our every care,
And, bravely all our sufferings bear,
For Him whose Life so freely, gave,
The sinner, from his sins, to save.

If Wisdom, thou dost crave, my friend,
To find the Path that Heavenward tends,
The Promise claim, with God, alone,
Who giveth, & upbraideth none.

None, who His Will, shall seek to know,
Shall ever a denial, know,
All day with outstretched Arm He stands,

Thy Bless to bless, in every land.

Forerunner, Comforter, Omniscient God,
Ruler over all, Who speaketh but a word,
Nature, in obedience bows at Thy command,
The ^{my} Heavens, the Earth, The works of Thy right ^{hand}.

O! God, the cry of one poor pilgrim, hear,
Thy servant word doth bow, with listening ear,
With willing heart thy word would I receive,
Lord, help a trembling soul, to dare believe.

This done, my heart is given,
To praise Thee here, To rest with Thee, in ^{my} Heaven.
Teach me Thy Will 'till all the storms are past,
Then, with the ransomed, may I dwell at last.

9th mo. 1870.

"Friendship is a holy feeling,
Sent to cheer us, on our way."
While its bands o'er fond hearts, stealing
Lure from Earth's vain joys away.

Thou, dear pilgrim on thy journey,
To fair Canada's happy land,
Finally, asks of me the favor,
That I give thee hand & hand.

^{my} These, with God's descending blessing,
 Such as these, I offer thee,
 Craving ^{my} Heavens smile ever resting
 What our future ^{my} ever may be.

^{my} Here's the offering, friend, accept,
 'Tis the best I have to give,
 Would it were a better gift,
^{my} Thou shouldst all, yea, all, receive.

As before God's sacred Altar,
^{my} Then our plighted vows we take,
 May we never from them fall,
^{my} Faithful prove, for Jesus' sake.

O! may our wedded life, e'er be,
 A consecrated shrine, to God,
 With bowed hearts, and low bent knee,
 We learn ^{my} His Precepts; Keep ^{my} His Word.

And soon the storms of life, all o'er,
 Our fields with ^{my} Heavenly foliage crown,
^{my} Then far away on Canaan's shore
^{my} The chorus join; we'll sing the song
 Of glory, glory to the Lamb
 While ^{my} Heavens high arches shall resound
 With the music of our Saviour's name.

9th mo. 1870.

^{my} To Aunt L. G. Pinkham.

^{my} Kind friend each day within my breast,
^{ay} There springeth gratitude to thee,
 At night, as on my couch I rest,
 Surely, thou'rt not forgot, by me.

^{my} The Blankets, Thou so freely sent
 Were welcome'd, by me, with delight,
 And, as the paper wrappings, loose'd,
^{ay} The pearly tear drops dimm'd my sight.

The hours, the days, yea weeks have flown,
 Time hastes; it speeds with rapid wing
 Still loved art thou, my precious one,
^{ay} The morning dawns, the Promise brings,

We gave Thee, on a Sabbath Day,
 When, as from sacred service we
 Breath smiling Heaven, did bend our way,
 I suffering parent, soon to see.

A word of consolation speak,
^{ay} To cheer her on her weary way,
 A son & daughters hark to give,
 While the grace of God, is yet her stay.

Our num'rous calls from goodly friends,
 Who come, to greet us, at our home,
 While others, invitations, send,
^{ay} To sit, there evening board, around,

^{my} These, all have served, us, to detain,
^{my} From coming to thy home, with Ellen,
^{my} The hope, with us, doth yet remain,
^{my} To pass with thee, a pleasant even.

^{my} Fithen, dear Auntie, fare thee well,
 May blessings rich to thee be given,
 At last the Anthem, loudly swell,
 Within the Golden Gates of ^{my} Heaven.
 12th Decr. 31st 1870.

Lens accompanying a Cushion on Christmas eve,
 a Gift to Mother Macy.

My Mistress sent me here, to you,
^{my} To lie upon your table,
 Cloth'd as you see, red, white & blue,
 She hopes to see you when you are able
 Within her humble home,
 Receive me now, as ^{my} Friendship's Token,
^{my} To daily use, with care,
 May kindly feelings thus awaken,
 Is Mistress's true desire.

12th Decr. 31st 1870,

Lens accompanying a Needle Book for Ellen.

A Merry Christmas Nellie, Dear,
 I've come, with thee, to find a home,
 And, may I always with you stay,
 Nor from you, ever, go and.

If travelling over Life's rugged field
 By the Thorns, thy slender garments tear,
 Then look within this tiny roll,
 My tools, the rent, will soon repair.

Give me a place away in thy Boy,
 Pray do not let me fall,
 And, then I shall not soon be lost,
 But, ever obedient, to thy call.

12th mo. 25th, 1870

Dearest, My Friend, Lizzie,

Last eve, as hubby, closed the door,
 In his pocket, was a letter, sure,
 I ran, I purred, I laughed, in glee,
 Truly, 'twas mailed from thee, to me.

How happy was my heart even then,
 To read the words from Lizzie's pen,
 Sorrow, and sighing seemed, to flee,
 As I felt that I was dear to thee.

I read, & read, and glanced, again,
 And wished that something I could send,
 To pay, in part, at least, my debt,
 And, half inclined me, now, to fret.

But poor and lonely, is thy Mat,
 She utters words, like parrot, Poll,
 No kindness can she offer friends
 While, on their bounty, she depends.

^{my}Thou dost not do as thou art told,
 But, in thy epistle neatly folds,
^{my}"Humph," shall I speak it all right out?
 In silence slip, or loudly shout?

Ah! Lizzie I do badly feel,
 That Mac should from thy purse thus steal,
 Pass to thy troublesome old M.,
 Whose wants, yea, needs are without end,

Poor E. thy sufferings must be keen,
^{my}The anguish too, intense, have been,
 Our Father, bent in tender love,
 Raising his stricken, sickly Son,

^{my}Thanks to our God, full well, are due,
^{my}Thanks for His blessings, old & new,
^{my}Thanks to thee, dearest, here, are thine,
^{my}Thanksgiving bend our hearts, in one,

In Brooklyn, Heaven sends her smile to thee,
 God pities in this Isle, poor me,
 I love Him, trust Him, sister E.,
 He answers when I bend the knee,

Last week, when weary, sick at heart,
 The tear drops from my eyes did start,
 I prayed, I cried, I begged relief,
^{my}The Master heard, assuag'd my grief.

At last my wearied Nature sinks,
 To rest, 'till morn her task doth bring,
 Enough, no more dark scenes I'll paint,
 Or Livia's heart will well-nigh faint,

Farewell, dear loved one, yonder lies,
 A glorious home, beyond the skies,
 Where, when thy labors all are done,
 There waits thee, there, a starry crown,

Edgartown Dec. 22nd 1876.

Lines Written By B. C. Macy for an 'Album
 The Day Of Life.

The morning hours of cheerful light,
 Of all the day are best;
 But as they speed their hasty flight,
 If every hour is spent aright,
 We sweetly sink to sleep at night,
 And pleasant is our rest.

And Life is like a Summer day,
 It seems so quickly past,
 Youth is the morning bright and gay,
 And if 'tis spent in Wisdom's way,
 We meet old age without dismay,
 And death is sweet at last.

Jan. 1882.

Mouse's Address. To Mother Macy,
 From the City of Providence, I've come,
 From "The Old Ladies' Home,"
 An aged Matron plac'd me there,
 Her years were seventy nine.

I know I'm but a tiny Mouse,
 With two bright eyes you see,
 I ask a home within your house,
 And quiet I will be.

A place upon the 'What Not' shelf,
 Or, Mantle, 'mong the Toys,
 I'll promise to behave myself,
 Nor raise my squeaking voice.

Your walls, my teeth shall never know,
 Shall ever gentle be,
 If black Dick will not raise his paw,
 To catch & swallow me.

These lines accompanied a mouse made
 and covered with velvet before one of the members
 of the "Old Ladies' Home," Providence,
 June 1871.

Father! this 'Shaving Cup's' for you,
 From wife & I. receive it;
 And if to use it, you refuse,
 We never will forgive it.

Then, fling away the old 'Sea Shell',
 And, take this Cup, & use it,
 Or, when to ^{say} Tucket, we do come,
 Look out, or, you will lose it.

" " "
 Tho' waves of Ocean, miles of Land,
 Awhile, on Earth do part us,
 I feel Affection's strongest band,
 Both ~~true~~ & bind her chain around us.

Father! as oft you place this Cup,
 Upon the brown paint dressed,
 May this a sweet remembrance be,
 Of absent Son, & daughter.

June 1871

The 'Kerchief's' Address.

The Summed breeze goes flitting by,
 By many unperceived,
 But, Nellie dead, O! here, am I,
 I hope to be received,

Then lay me 'round your neck, dear Nell,
 I'll drive the chills away,

No Bronchial troubles shall befall,
Believe me what I say.

I'll guard your Throat with greatest care,
And, save you from the Cold.
While on your neck this flower, you wear,
'till I am very old.

If, far away in Boy you keep
My snow white fragile form,
When, after lapse of time, you peep,
I shall to yellow turn.

To let me have the air I pray,
As oft, as best, you think,
Heed not what friends or neighbors say,
Nor mind the Maiden's blink.
from Bradford & Mary to Ellen,
June 1871,

O! Mother Dear, on ^{my} Friday, last,
We jump'd into the Carriage, the Horse ran fast,
Safe, we arrived at ^{my} the Old Ladies Home,
^{my} The Matron, she was pleas'd to think we had come.

We stopp'd in the Hall, then, to the sitting-room, went,
We saw the old ladies, so happy & content,
Upon the beautiful Organ, on ^{its} keys I did play,
Singing loudly, with my voice, the while, I did stay.

^{my}The Old Ladies, their gratitude, stopp'd to express,
^{my}Thinking it a treat of the greatest kindness
 While friend Mary Allen, made known, her desire,
^{my}That she wished I would sing, "Sweet Hour of Prayer"

^{my}In the Horse Car, we rode, Sarah Nelson, to find,
^{my}That we all pass a day with her, she said was her mind,
^{my}To and house, on some eve, with her companion ^{come} she'll
^{my}To state the day when to meet at her home.

^{my}Her grandbaby, Emma, they laid in my arms,
 A lovely babe, cloth'd in white with sleeves covering ^{around} the
^{my}Head all tiny infants in this City so large,
^{my}Wear their dresses, long sleeves, high in the neck
^{my}over the lungs.

^{my}To the Restaurant, we hasted, our dinner to eat,
^{my}Waltz, or I call'd for a plate of Beef Steak,
^{my}The same of Oysters, my husband, did take,
^{my}We soon appeased hunger, then left for the street.

^{my}On our way the "Sisters of Mercy" we met,
^{my}They smiled, thro' the veil, then hasted their step
^{my}To the Nunnery, their home, from the world ^{away} with
^{my}Their clothing, their appearance, made them seem all
^{my}forlorn.

^{my}To the Chestnut St. Vestry, we soon did arrive,
^{my}We remain'd there awaiting till nearly five.
^{my}Then into the Omnibus, we took our seats,
^{my}And, rode till we stopp'd at the foot of the street.

Then, we walk'd o'er the greensward, we inhaled
God smiled, all Nature its loveliness, more,
We stopped at the door friend Gladden to see,
To deliver a message, sister French, sent by me.

So good night dear Mother with love from ^{child} the
Most affectionate, I would express it in accents mild,
God bless thee now with Annie, our sister,
Husband, says since she left he has
very much missed her,
July 2^d 1871,

Lines for Mrs. Nathan Horton's Album

Sister! Rough and stormy, is thy way,
O'er with thorns, thy feet are sore;
Faint thy heart, at break of day,
From the wounds, receiv'd, before.

Wearied Nature seeks for rest,
Looks for solace, comfort, cheer,
From the dear, maternal, breast
But, only finds, the vacant chair.

In thy heart there dwells, sweet peace,
Granted by a Father's Love;
Who, in Wisdom, gave, release
Took thy Mother, home, above.

Where, in strains, seraphic, mingle,
Praise to God, with Angel, song,

Loud the Hallelujahs swelling,
 'Round the Holy Heavenly throne,

Hearken, sister, gently listen,
 Comes a voice, so sweet and clear,
 Jesus whispers, "Cast thy burden,
 I'll sustain, while travelling here."

Sept. 21. 1871,

Look to Calvary's height each morning
 Where the Blood was shed for thee,
 Master, at each Eve's, returning,
 More, precious may thy Saviour be,

When Life's Sun on Earth shall set,
 And the Glimpse of Heaven shall dawn,
 May thou at thy Master's feet
 Bow, a ransomed spirit home.

Sept. 21. 1871,

Dear Mother.

It is just one year ago, today,
 I sat me by thy side,
 When, gather'd round us, Evening's shade,
 I, then, was Bradford's Bride.

Four months did swiftly glide away,
 The March winds fann'd, our brow,
 We gather'd all our treasures, there,
 To seek a new abode.

Like Noah's Dove, we wander'd, far,
 O'er bellows, to the shore;
 Like her, dry Land, we saw, afar,
 The Olive Branch, we bore.

Amid the Cedar, & the Pine's,
 The Oak tree's quiet shade,
 Near where the Brooklet gently glides,
 Our path did seem to lead.

Kind friends are all with loving hearts,
 Yet, showering on us, blessings;
 While God in Wisdom, ne'er departs,
 His Smile is on us, resting.

The long Spring days have left us now,
 The Summer's scorching heat,
 The Autumn winds are scattering, now,
 The leaves along the street.

Old Winter, King, with mantle spread,
 Will soon pass by, with chill,
 Beneath his feet all flowers are dead,
 They droop low at his will.

This day we talk of thee, with love,
 And wish we could be there;
 And speak of that blest home, above,
 While, thus, our joys, we share.

We speak of that dear Mission School,
 We think our friends do well,
 They furnish with the Golden Rule,
 Now, present with a Bell.

We'd like to hear its merry chime,
 When Sabbath eve, returns,
 We've heard its echo many times,
 As the school-boys have rung.

~~It~~ called them, then, to come away,
 To cipher and to read,
 But now invites to sing & pray,
 Of Christ who rose from dead,

To open the door where flows the stream,
 Each sin to wash away,
 Kindles within, the sacred flame,
 Which burns to endless day.

Still urge thy way, my sister, dear,
 The Blessed Precepts, teach;
 Nor let thy heart ever feel a fear,
 The infant mind ^{will} reach.

More plastic, with the infant mind
 The Holy Truths, receive,
 I'm quite persuaded, thou wilt find,
 They readily believe.

Adieu - you well, my childhood friend,
 I bid you all adieu,
 And ere I feel to write again,
 I hope to hear from you.

Oct. 29th / 87

Lines, written on the decease of Mother.
 Dec 31 / 87, aged 64^{yr.} 10^{mo.}

Sleep, dear Mother;
 Hold thine arms across thy breast,
 Jesus softly whispered to thee,
 "Come to me, I'll give thee, Rest."

Gently thou didst close thine eyelids,
 Christ, our Savior, bore thee, ^{over}
 Safe in Heaven, thy spirit's resting,
 On the bright, Celestial Shore.

On the Grave Stone are these
 words, Entered into Rest, by Mary.

Visit at the Parsonage.

'Twas on a cold & wintry eve,
 We, with our friends, our home, did leave,
 Down Fair, thro' Centre Sts, we pass'd,
 And reach'd Gay Street, ah! yes, at last.
 We, at the Parsonage, did stop,
 Nor, did we stand outside and knock,
 Upstairs we glided to the Study,
 Where, sat our Parson, waiting ready
 His gentle wife & merry Lizzie,
 Son Bennie and the sleeping Baby.
 'Twas none among the Sons of Earth
 More worthy are than friend Bosworth.

Each, passing in, as they felt able
 Left a small Gift upon the table.
 And when the Clock chimed hour of Eight
 Our number then, was seventy eight.

And, who were there? why, Brother Meader!
 He, formerly, was our good Class Leader,
 Our Auctioneer, his name, Riddell,
 Was present but was quiet still.
 J. Grey with his sweet Lady Mary,
 Did early come, and late did tarry,
 Our Robert Macy sure, was there
 Remarks from him we all, did hear.
 E. Boden, he, from Polpis came,
 Also friends Baceus, from the same,
 Captains, Crenny, Smalley, Small,
 With smiling faces, one and all.

Mother (Liz) Father (Bosworth) and place.
 These were the names of the sweet, very, and place.

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H. & S. and H. L. Fisher,
 To greet our true be-loved Pastor,

Berra and Ammie sung the Song,
 That made our every spirit, yearn,
 To reach that Country free from sigh,
 'Twas the Blessed Song "Sweet Bye and Bye"
 There were Western, Cleveland, Cathcart,
 All there, without a choice Sweetheart,
 Ray, Barnard, McLean, & Spooner, sooner,
 We meant their names to have ~~ment~~ noted
 Bradford C. & Mary Macy,
 To mention them, we'll not be hasty.

Single sisters there were many,
 They number'd, surely, two & twenty.
 Place 'mong the riches, Memory hath
 Our visit with B. R. Bosworth.

A glad some company, were we,
 As ever met on moonlight eve;
 The Youth their sweetest voices, rais'd,
 While others joined in hymning Praise,
 The juveniles thought well enough,
 To have a play of "Blind man's Buff."
 Their peals of laughter, full of cheer,
 Recalled young days to aged sires,
 But none, so smart, I say, of Truth,
 As was our friend, B. R. Bosworth.
 God, near the mantle, he did stand,
 While, holding in his slender hand,

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A Poem, which, he, to us, read,
And then, conundrums, of the best,
Propos'd, they were, for us, to guess.

Again, we harken'd to the voice,
Which oft' has made our hearts rejoice,
The voice of him, who preacheth Truth,
Our dearly-loved, B. ^{Rev.} Bosworth,
We, grateful are, for friendship, pure,
Which, thro' all ^{my} time, shall e'er, endure,
We, in a Christian Land, had birth,
With our Christian friend, B. ^{Rev.} Bosworth.

So pass'd the pleasant hour, away,
Yam, would we all, yet, longer, stay,
But, we must leave all joyous mirth,
And, bid fare—well to friend Bosworth,
With hope to meet again, on Earth,
Our dear, good friend, B. ^{Rev.} Bosworth.

^{my} Feb. 1874.

A Pound Company of 19 at Bro. J. Williams

Wide open the door, respected brother,
And, let your good, kind friends come in,
For this is mild soft winter weather,
We seek a resting place within
Your little Home, this lovely eve,
To place upon your pantry shelf,
Some bundled packages, we leave,
We bring them, to your wife or self.

True it is little we can do,
God riches not to us, belong,
Simple Gifts, we offer you,
And ere we leave, we'll sing a song,
Dear Parson Bosworth, he comes with us,
His heart is filled with joy to night,
His words are full of deep, deep pathos,
His soul now glows with Gospel Light.

May yours be faith like Apostle James,
While on this earth you sojourn, here,
When words are few, and language lame,
Still trust in God, and know no fear,
And when God calls, "son James, come up!"
No more on Silver Street you'll walk,
But, leaving here, your humble cot
E'er more the Golden Street, you'll walk.

A glorious mansion He'll afford,
To you, who loved His Will, below.

To dwell forever with the Lord,
 Eternal Bliss 'tis yours to know.
 Feb. 9th 1874.

'Tis true, I know, I have no feet,
 And yet, I oft find Dover St.
 I am a little thing, I know,
 Yet on an wand, I can go.
 But, not alone, you plainly see,
 My Massa in his hand brings me.

My mistress bought me of a man,
 Who drives a red cart thro' the town,
 Not here, but far, far, o'er the Main,
 East-Providence, surely is the name.

Part rags, part cash, the price she paid
 She knew good service, I should give,
 No burdens heavy burdens, I can carry,
 Yet, little treats can bear, to many,
 My Massa took
 Marm Macy took one from the table,
 Ask'd Massa, if he then, felt able,
 To take me o'er the cold snow damp,
 Thus come to you, with some cooked Samp.
 So busy was he, at the barn,
 From work, he could not ~~just~~ ^{at} ~~now~~ ^{turn},
 So here I am, please take me, do!
 Return me promptly, I'll thank you,
 With me, there rolls, a nice Corn Ball,

Which Annie from the Picnic, brought,
And sends with me, to sister, Nell,
And hopes to hear that you both are well.
1874.

As musing, I sat in ^{for Mrs Bryant} the quiet of Home,
And, praying that God, would His child me, yet deem,
Still granting His free grace till Life shall be o'er,
When, sighing and all that makes sad ever more,
Shall, fleeing, leave hearts to bright Heaven's sweetest,
Yea, dwelling for aye, in the Land of the Blest.

Thus, musing, a friend just opened my door,
And, placing on plate, the burden he bore,
He, smiling pass'd out, to retreat home, again,
Not minding the storm of snow sleet or rain,
There, lying in Death, was a Turkey, so fine,
All waiting to cook, then, on him we can dine,
But, looking, lo! on his leg snugly was tied,
A loving note, yours, our friend, true, 'twas thine.

While thanking the kind & thy present to us
Thou pleadings with bid, for His blessings bestow,
In waiting for thee, in joy & peace of Peace,
Where, ceasing thy labors, will thy soul be released,
Where, dwelling mid Angels, with harps of pure gold,
Thou, entering in, shall roam not from the Fold.
November 1882.

To the Nantucket Lodge of Odd Fellows ^{no.} 66.

Brothers! Would that I had the Poet's Lyre,
 This eve, my sweetest Lay, I'd sing,
 Thus, our united hearts inspire,
 With truest Song of Thanksgiving.

What calls us from our homes of cheer?
 Why meet we here, this April eve?
 Oh! as this query rises here,
 More closely 'round us, Love doth ureathe,

Sure more than fifty years now past,
 Our noble Thomas Wilkey, came,
 Long Ages may the Name, be cast,
 'Mong Memories treasures, have a claim.

The Founder of this Brotherhood,
 His spirit passed from Earth, away,
 Yet over us, his mantle spreads,
 O! may it ever o'er us, wave.

Had I but wings like Noah's Dove,
 O'er Ocean's crested wave, I'd soar,
 Scale Mountain top, thro' Valley, rove,
 And find His Tomb, whom I revere.

The Rock is Truth, on which we stand
 Our Motto, Charity & Love,
 At home, abroad, in foreign lands,
 We find a Brother's kindest love.

Where sits the Widow, bowed with grief,
 And Orphan mourns Paternal care,
 There will our hearts soon bear relief,
 A Brother's sympathies, to share.

Rebecca's daughters forth have come,
 To mingle in our ^{destine} strain,
 We welcome you, our ranks among,
 Our interest for Mankind, the same.

Yea, firm to Truth, my Brothers, cling,
 God bless this great Fraternity,
 His blessing with our labors bring
 Rich fruits to all Eternity.
 April 24th, 1874.

This written as a tribute of thanks to friends
 in Edgartown for kind gifts in an hour of need

Portentous clouds were gathering o'er our heads,
 And round us Sorrow's mantle, sure, was spread,
 Misfortune, disappointment, soon, made haste,
 All earthly hopes & treasures, too, laid waste.

At that lone hour when, lowly bow'd with grief,
 In faith the soul look'd up to seek relief,
 From Him who never slumbers, never sleeps,
 But o'er His flock his faithful vigil keeps.

Our ^{my} Heavenly Parent saw the upturned eye,
 'Twas He who listen'd, heard the suppliant's cry,
 Ah! swiftly plumed the ministering Angel's wing,
 As, soaring he, God's ^{my} Heavenly message brings.

'Tis yours, dear Christian brothers sisters, friends,
 This eve, sweet sympathy's kindly aid, to lend,
 With offerings drawn from out your little stores
 Which God, in Mercy, sent you, as a shroud.

Thus, bless a wounded Soldier's aching head,
 With courage to the orphan sister's breast impart,
 While 'neath the storms of Earth we'er do tread,
 On sun shine smiles upon our drooping heads.

Our Path in Valley low, on green hill-side
 Shall echo loud "Our God, ^{my} He, will provide."
 His words, His Promised Love, to us, is pure,
 His boundless Mercy to the end, endures.

May we, all cling to Jesus, trust in God,
 Till at Life's close, His face, we do behold,
 Then with our trials troubles all be o'er,
 Emmanuel we will worship, ever more.

6 to be read next to 5th verse.

Loved friends, a grateful tribute, here accept,
 Your cheerful gifts we never shall forget,
 A rich reward be yours from Jesus' hands,
 A starry crown in Canaan's holy land.

Lines to Mr. Edgar Marchant.

Al! stranger, (yet, to me, a Friend,
When dark Misfortune, hared, near;
Pray to what promptings did thou lend
A kindly heart, and listening ear?

What softly whisper breath'd, within
Thy inmost soul, at that noon hour,
And bade Thee place upon my hand,
The pittance, ever needed, more?

Say, gentle Friend what moved Thee, then,
I saw no Angel, hovering there,
No Seraph flew from Gate of Heaven,
No Cherubim disturb'd the air?

But stop! methinks I see it all,
A Principle, God smiles to own,
To pity those 'neath Sorrow's Pall,
Extend to them what God has loan'd.

The kindly words Thou too, didst speak,
Are treasur'd safe, on Memory's Page,
And, when, low at the Mercy-seat,
A Blessing will I humbly crave.

May the Influence which Thy heart incline,
Lead Thee to tread the Shining Way,
Bear here, Christ's Image, so Thine
Thy Life may close in Endless Day.

Edgartown. Oct. 13th 1875

Lines addressed to Mr. Benjamin Vincent.

When heart meets heart in a stranger's land,
When brother greets brother with a kindly hand,
The promptings of Christian Love, thus ~~is~~ given,
Echoes a response from the gates of ^{heaven}.

When Jesus, our Saviour, was a traveller, here,
Sailing mid trials, ~~through~~ sorrows, and care,
Compassion, sweet sympathy, ever did shine,
Love, pity e'er beam'd from our Master, Divine.

Now, when on the Cross, extended, ~~He~~ hung,
With anguish and torture, ~~His~~ body, was wrung,
"Father, forgive them," mingled yet, with ~~His~~ cries,
While, ^{mute} ~~deep~~ silence reign'd thro' the azure sky.

As gently, ^{His} spirit, wafted, far, away,
His body example, yet, ling'ring, today,
May we, the precious mantle, unceasingly, wear,
The ills of this life, with fidelity share.

The broken hearts, ~~here~~ with tenderness, bind,
With tendrils of Love, which around us ^{thine} may
Chase the falling tear drops from the heavy eye,
Thus lay up rich treasures in the 'Sweat of the eye.'

Thus all yea all is the duty of man,
Yea God and ~~our~~ ^{His} body, Command,
When, laying aside our labors, below,
To glories Realms, will we hasten, to go.

Lines On Golden Wedding

98

Wide open the door, loved Sister Brothers,
And bid your good kind friends come in;
For sure, we come with joy together
To celebrate your Golden Wedding.

We list the tale this Eve of Autumn
Of two score years to Dreamy, left
Of plighted vows, yea vows so sacred,
Have each been truly faithful kept.

To charge your pilgrimage below
Your sons & daughters forth, have come,
Mementoes dear, friends now bestow
And, leave within your pleasant home,
In eighteen thirty three's bright Autumn,
Friends met to see the happy Bride,
As forth she came to meet the Bridegroom,
And quiet sat her by his side.

You started on Life's voyage together,
On Time's vast Ocean thus to sail,
And stormy billows never faltered,
And trusted God who calms the Gale.

As Life's voyage nears its final closing,
The Sunset sinks 'neath western sky,
May you your Pilot's hand still holding,
Be wafted to your Home on High.

To dwell 'mid scenes of Heavenly Glory,
And roam its Sacred Plains so fair,
Repeat again "The Old Old Story,"
And rest, with jaws, "O'er Thine."

Oct. 14th 1883

To Sister,

A few brief weeks have glided by,
 Since we, in Sorrow, met;
 We stood the cold, cold form, beside,
 (Methinks I see it yet)

Of one whose gentle spirit pass'd,
 From all Earth's wearied cares;
 We know it thro' the Portals pass'd,
 The bliss of ^{our} Heaven, to share,

We hush the name of Mother! oh,
 We call, alas! in vain;
 She's gone, we feel, to come, no more,
 Our loss is her Eternal gain,

O! let us wipe away the tear,
 We soon shall meet again;
 Our joys & sorrows over here,
 We'll meet beyond the grave,

O! what are trials here, below,
 While, she in ^{our} Heaven doth dwell?
 No sadness doth her spirit know,
 As there the Anthem, swells

Of "Glory to the Great I Am,"
 Loud Hallelujahs, rise,
 Angelic choristers do join,
 And echo thro' the skies.

10
Friends, at whose couch, she knelt, beside,
And offered fervent prayer,
Who long, long years, ago, have died,
They welcome her, now there,

Upon her Crown there glitter Stars,
As trophies, won while here,
They see her coming from afar,
To join the heavenly train,

Of ransom'd spirits, cleans'd from Sin;
In Christ's atoning blood,
Who died, the wanderer, back, to win
To a forgiving God.

~~March 1st~~ February 29th
1872

W' eath the leaden weight of care,
E ven tho' our hearts are wrung,
W ith Earth's sorrows, yet we dare,
B end the knee in prayer to Thee,
B reathe to Thee our praise & song,
Ever trusting for Thy grace,
Doing Thy dead will, below,
E ven tho' the rocks must witness face.
In our efforts, as we go
Rising then from suff'ring here,
Dwelling ~~there~~ with our Saviour there.

Acrostic, ^{The young pastor as he goes}
 forth from home,

As mine are round the cottage, twining,
 I in the rural town, of E.
 Nature's beauties, seem combining,
 & adorning this 'Sweet Home' to me,
 Yet, to Duty's call, I hasten,
 And the Master's Word, obey,
 Ringing in my ear, from Heaven,
 "Do My Will, while it is Day,

Go into the Highways, & Hedges,
 Ask the Poor to let Thine in,
 Zealous labor there, for Jesus,
 & ever seek some soul to win;
~~by calling all His Grace to bring~~
 I shall be Thy daily "Thine,"
 & ever when I call My Name."

Edgartown Oct. 15. 1875

Another week has well be around,
 I'll take my pen & paper,
 See what of interest can be found,
 To write in Mother's Letter.

Mine Pie, the first I ever made,
 'Twas now, I have been eating,
 There's nought that I so much do dread,
 As the Department, Cooking.

But, God to creature man, has given,
 A body, nourishment requires,
 Had he not been from Eden driven.

Home,
Hear the leader's might of care,
E - ven tho' our hearts are wrung
W - ith Earth's sorrows, yet we dare,
P - raised to our Father, bring,
O - f His goodness, we will sing.

Re - est the boon, O be kindly given,
I - ll at last with Him we live,

Edgartown June 30th 1877.

Now Mamma's Pupil's Album,
Within thy mild blue eyes, I read,
The kind regard thou hast for me;
A Sacred Boon is "Friendship" given,
To cheer us, on the way to Heaven.

Now such, I thank Thee, tender Lamb,
Led by the gentle Shepherd's hand,
May thy young heart for "Good" aspire,
So breathe thy Teacher's earnest prayer.

Mrs. Mary Mary

Edgartown June 21st 1877

Now Same Album

I like the little Maiden,
Who loves the Sabbath School.

More simple would be, his desire,

^{ay} House-cleaning calls for my attention,
Already some is done, complete,
^{ay} Forgive me, this mistake, by, the women,
Some ladies of it will not speak,
As tho' when Summer months have gone,
^{ay} The heated air and dust,
^{ay} I were vexed with foaming suds and broom,
^{ay} To keep secure from muck and rust.

^{ay} The Mason comes not to repair
^{ay} The rent that is in our chimneys,
^{ay} This brings so clear, my mind, before,
^{ay} The quaint words, "Gilly - Gally".

Domestic duties paint the cheek,
Of the slender, pale, fair, maiden,
Is from task to task she gayly 'trips,
^{ay} From early dawn to even.

Curtains, valent, counterpanes
All have a thorough cleansing,
^{ay} To shun this duty it were vain;
Or, ever, be refining.

^{ay} 'Tis true man's work's from sun to sun,
^{ay} From week to month, to year,
But, women's labor ne'er is done,
I know, I'm certain, sure.

^{ay} Had he not said,

You ask'd me why I love not Spring,
He answered, was the season.
Clover - gleaming is to be - it brings

And culls the flowers of Eden,

116



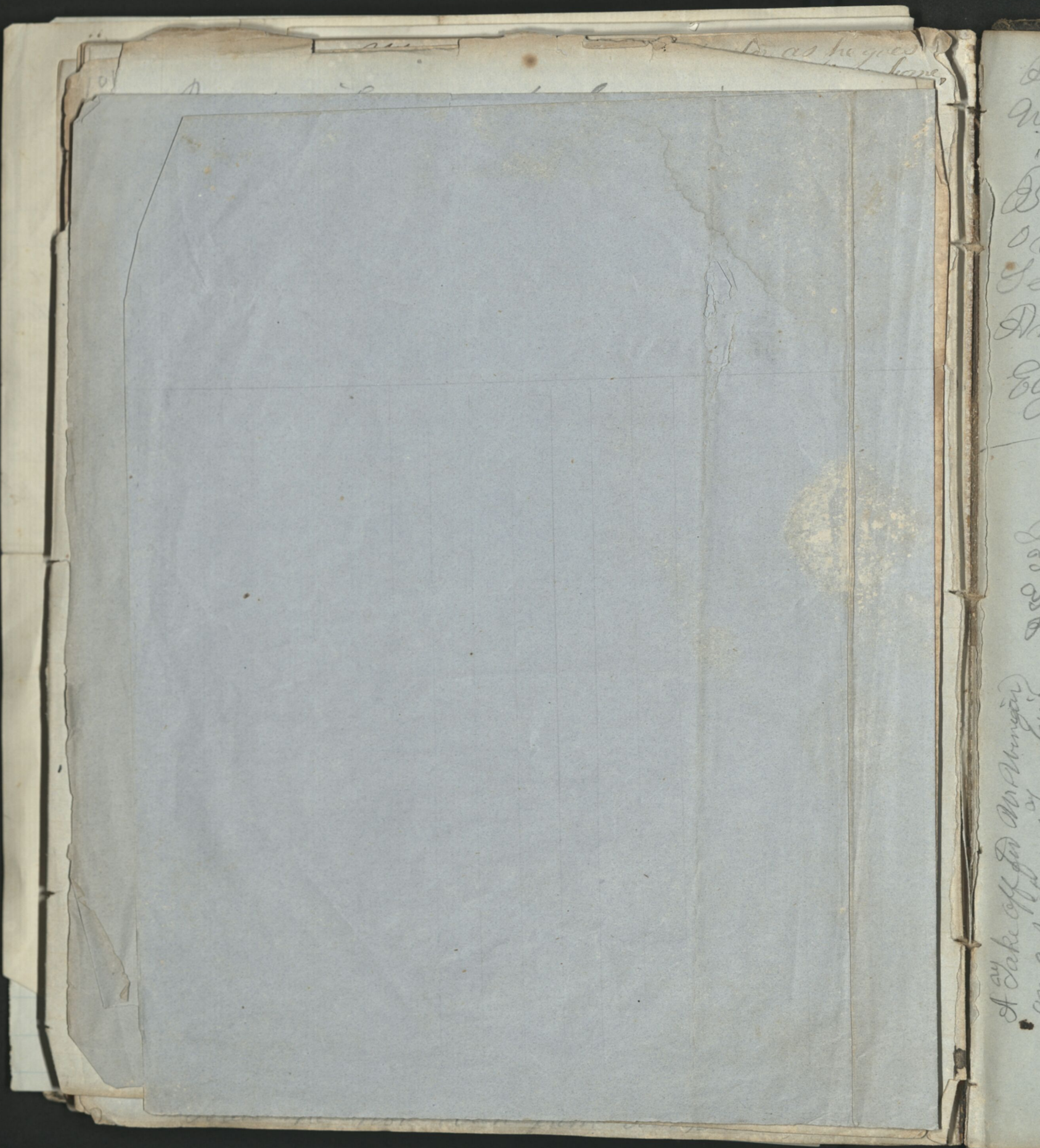
Jan

C. Hemmings
1841



For don't it seem as though
Red in the fields the year
From grapes and flowers
I am in the moon

Spring to the 1st of the season.
The 1st of the season, was the 1st of the season.



as he goes
have,

As
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C

S
S
F

A take off for Mr. Wm. Wm.
on a ...

And culls the flowers of Eden,
Who learns the Golden Rule.

Be like the Holy Saviour
Obedient, true and kind,
Seek first His heavenly favor,
And thou true Peace wilt find,
Edgarton June 2nd 1877. Mr. Macy,

The Introductory verse by ^{my} Fittie Norton
in a surprise visit at Parsonage

Dear Shepherd we, this eve have come,
To greet you in your pleasant home,
Yourself and wife with kindly smile,
Please entertain us, for a while.

to see Pastor
King & wife.

A cake off for Mr. Winger
on a picture of John Green.

"Ding Ding Bell" We know the sound well,
List to the "crier," What now has he to tell?
"He is my wife, or, I wish does he say,
Some first love sailor, on the Rocks untried."
"Ding Ding Bell" Echo loudly, loudly,
How on our ear, have these tones gotten fall,
With late of joy from, "Dear Mother's Boy,
So much all year, he raises the cry."
"Ding Ding Bell" Something to tell,
The town at eve, the price's here, fall,
Wide open the door, listen to the crier,
Rush to the street, as if "blame offer."

"At Winger's Hall, there's to be grand fun,
This eve, of even, Run Samson's Run,
Bark, 'hear him read the' 'intercalation',
As he steps up guide to the table, 'intercalation'.

Oh all we go? What will there be,
Winger's Pictures are all then my son,
1900
One Portrait sure, of the old man, 'intercalation'?

Wack in the 'up', 'intercalation'!
The Artist is here, 'intercalation'!
Who's mark is fine, 'intercalation'!
A good proof in that of the old man, 'intercalation'!

1877 June 26

